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1795

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1809
Burrowshire

A

Fortnight's Tour

THROUGH

Different Parts of the Country

BY

MASTER TOMMY NEWTON;

INCLUDING

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF SEVERAL

LITTLE MISSES AND MASTERS.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

LONDON,

Printed for F. Power, (Grandson to the late Mr. J. Newbery) and Co. No. 65, near the Bar, St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1790.

[PRICE FOUR-PENCE.]

Fortnight's Tour

through

Different Parts of the Country.

By

A LATE TOURIST.

Including

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

of

LITTLE MISS [illegible] MASTERS.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

[illegible]

TO THE

LITTLE MASTERS AND MISSES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,

THIS

FORTNIGHT'S TOUR

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

Their Friend and Well-wisher,

THE EDITOR.

A FORTNIGHT's TOUR.

CHAP. I.

MASTER Tommy Newton was the only ſon of a wealthy merchant, who, having acquired an ample fortune with an unblemiſhed reputation, retired with his amiable ſpouſe to paſs the remainder of their lives at ſome little diſtance from the noiſe and buſtle of the metropolis. They loved their ſon as every parent ought: they denied him nothing that was reaſonable; but they were cautious how they indulged him in his infancy, by gratifying him in any unreaſonable requeſt. They taught him to be aware how he

cried for any thing, as they made it a point never to grant him what he attempted to obtain by thoſe means. Every particular indulgence he received was by way of reward for ſome pleaſing mark of his good conduct. Thus he was early accuſtomed to ſtudy the will of his parents, in order to obtain the means of gratifying his wiſhes. It is much to be wiſhed, that parents in general would be more attentive to curb the thoughtleſs diſpoſitions of their children in their infant years, as they then would, like the amiable Mr. and Mrs. Newton, feel the happy effects it would have on the tender objects of their care.

The conſequence of this care and attention in Tommy's parents was, that he was conſidered as a moſt

amia-

niable and ſweet-tempered child, d beloved by every one. All the entry in the neighbourhood where ey lived were happy when they ould get him to come and play with eir children; for he never quar- elled with his companions, and was lways the peace-maker, when any ifferences aroſe among them. See ow buſy he is with them at taw.

When Tommy was arrived at te years of age, he began to be mo thoughtful than many are at twent He read a great many little book and was remarkably fond of perusin accounts of voyages and travels. H there found what a reſpectable figur ſome of the travellers made, and thi filled his youthful boſom with a ambitious deſire to become a travel ler himſelf.

One morning, as he was at break faſt with his parents, he thus ad dreſſed his father: "My dear papa, I am highly pleaſed with reading the accounts of travellers, who tell us, all the curious things they have ſeen; and, I am ſure, I ſhould be very happy to travel myſelf, that I might, like them, improve in knowledge from what I obſerve in others."

Mr. Newton laughed heartily at is obſervation of his ſon, while rs. Newton appeared uneaſy, un- ſs her little ſon, when he grew up, ould prove to be a wanderer. When you read (ſaid Tommy's ather to him) of the pleaſures and mu ements theſe travellers find in iſtant countries, you ſhould alſo ake notice of the hardſhips they frequently undergo, and the diffi- culties, fatigues and dangers, they are obliged to encounter. Howe- ver, (continued Mr. Newton) if you wiſh to commence a traveller at ſo early a period of your life, I will tell you in what manner I will gratify your taſte. I have ſeveral friends and relations in different parts of our own country, to whom I intend to pay a viſit, and be abſent from home

home for a fortnight. Your ma
and you ſhall accompany me, an
ſhall then ſee what ſort of a trav
ler you will make. I ſhall exp
you will keep a regular journal, a
that you will read it to me whene
I am at leiſure to hear it; but reco
lect, that your obſervations muſt
worthy my attention."

Mr. Newton had no ſooner finiſh
ed, than Tommy ſprung from hi
chair, and, throwing his arms abou
his father's neck, loaded him with
thouſand kiſſes. "My dear papa
(ſaid he) how good you are! I pro
miſe you I will do every thing in my
power to make my journal pleaſe
you; and I will not, like many tra-
vellers, as you have told me, invent
a number of ſtories to amuſe you.

I will

ll relate nothing but what I ſhall
or hear."

Mrs, Newton was not much leſs
ſed with the intended excurſion
n her ſon, as it had been a long
e ſince ſhe had laſt paid a viſit to
country relations. All the ne-
ſary preparations were now ſet
out for the intended fortnight's
ur, and Tommy ſupplied himſelf
th as much pen, ink and paper,
would have ſerved to record the
fairs of the whole nation. Now
llows the firſt journal he read to
s parents.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Maſter Tommy ſets about writing a Journal.

AS my little friend is now down to write his journal ſhall not interrupt him with any my own obſervations at preſent, leave him to himſelf, as you ſee.

My dear papa and mama,

I am now, agreeable to your com-
nds, ſet down to write my jour-
l, and ſhall acquaint you with
ery particular that fell under my
ſervation, whether in your pre-
nce or out of it. You will pleaſe
remember, that we ſet out on our
urney on Whitſun Monday, very
rly in the morning, when the ſun

ſhone

ſhone bright, not a cloud to be ſ
and the duſt in the road comple
laid by a heavy ſhower that had
len in the night.

Never did I enjoy a more pleaſ
morning, the pleaſures of wh
were highly improved by the conv
ſation of you my dear parents. N
thing happened, however, ſo ma
rial as to claim particular notice
my journal, till we arrived at Ba
net, where we ſtopped to breakf
and change horſes.

While breakfaſt was getting read
I ſtepped into the inn-yard to lo
about me, when the firſt thing th
attracted my notice, was a fine hor
lying dead upon ſome ſtraw. I e
quired the cauſe of the poor animal
death, when I was told, that o
the preceding evening he had be

erdriven in a chaiſe that he died
hours after he got to the inn.
ld not help exclaiming to the
er, what a ſhame it was to drive
fine and uſeful creatures in ſuch
nner as to prove their deaths!
ſure, had I been the cauſe of
poor horſe's death, I ſhould ne-
have forgiven myſelf. "Ah!
ng gentleman, (ſaid the hoſtler)
gentry now-a-days think nothing
reaking a horſe's heart, or the
er's neck."

While I was attentively looking
he horſe, and wondering at the
manity of ſome people, a little
about my own age and ſize,
o the dead animal, and began
uck out ſome of the long hairs
the horſe's tail. Finding, from
queſtions I aſked him, he did

not

not know the horſe was dead, ſuppoſed him only aſleep, I him, that it was very lucky for that the horſe was actually dead, he might have felt his reſentm I would wiſh to caution all li folks how they go too near a ho but, above all, never to attemp pull hairs out of their tails, as I h been told of ſome who have b killed, and of many more who ha been made cripples all their liv by that fooliſh kind of amuſemen

By this time you were pleaſed call me in to breakfaſt, and on e tering the room, I found anoth company alſo at breakfaſt. While was eating my roil and drinking tea, I obſerved what paſſed in t other company. It conſiſted of gentleman, a lady, their only daug

te

and her waiting maid. I ſoon
overed that the conduct of this
miſs would not fail to find a
e among the various articles of
journal.

Miſs Headſtrong, the name of the
ng lady I am ſpeaking of, appear-
o be about eight years of age.
looked like a pretty angel; but
behaviour did not equal her ap-
rance. I ſoon found, ſhe had
hing to do but to ſet up a whim-
, and ſhe immediately obtained
own way. When the rolls were
ought in, ſhe tumbled them about,
a piece off one, then a piece off
other, threw ſome on the ground,
ſome back again on the plate,
marks of the greateſt contempt
diſſatisfaction. Her mama, in-
of chiding her for ſuch conduct,

 aſked

aſked her, whether ſhe would ha toaſt or bread and butter, if ſhe di not like the rolls. Theſe were bot ordered, and both treated in th ſame manner.

I could not help pitying the poo ſervant maid, who no ſooner attemp ted to put a morſel to her mouth than miſs took a liking to it, and ma ma ordered the maid to give it her ſo that the poor girl did not ge half her breakfaſt. When miſs pour ed her tea from her cup into her ſaucer, ſhe did it ſo careleſly, and with ſuch an air of affectation, that ſhe not only ſpilled her own tea, but overturned the cups of others. This conduct, inſtead of diſpleaſing her mama, only drew from her a ſmile, accompanied with, "You pretty

dear

dear little puſs, why don't you take care?"

I cannot ſay but I was happy when breakfaſt was over; for I was ſick of Miſs Headſtrong's company. I could not help reflecting how happy I was to have parents, who loved me too well too indulge me in thoſe whims and caprice, which not only make ourſelves, but every one near us miſerable. Let any of my youthful readers look at this picture, and I think, they will not imitate ſuch conduct.

We now purſued our journey, leaving Miſs Headſtrong and her friends to ſettle matters as they liked. My dear papa, I have not forgotten the converſation that paſſed between you and my mama, in the courſe of our journey, on the hard fate of ſervants, who are unhappily doomed to be the ſervile ſlaves of theſe petite

tite tyrants. You obſerved, "Could parents diveſt themſelves of that pernicious indulgence to their children, which will not admit of contradicting them even on the moſt important occaſions, they would make themſelves, their children, and ſervants, much more happy."

About two in the afternoon, we reached St. Alban's, and repaired to the houſe of one of my uncles, who gave us the moſt hearty welcome, and inſiſted on our ſtaying with him at leaſt two or three days. As this uncle had never before ſeen me, he received me in the moſt tender manner, and loaded me with careſſes. We ſat down to a very elegant dinner, and enjoyed the pleaſure of much better company than what we had met with in the morning at Bed-

net. After dinner, we took a walk to the abbey, and attentively ſurveyed that venerable pile of antiquity. We then returned home to tea, then walked in the garden, and my mama and I amuſed ourſelves with viewing the great variety of beautiful flowers, which were diſpoſed with great taſte in every part of the garden, while my papa and my uncle ſmoked their pipes under the canopy of a wide-ſpreading walnut-tree.

As you know, ſir, I am accuſtomed to riſe early in the morning, you always having recommended that practice to me as very conducive to health, I was not at all ſurpriſed, that you ſhould think me rather later than uſual in quitting my bed-chamber; but the truth was, though I

got

got up very early, I did not finish the journal of my first day's tour so soon as I expected. The cruel fate of that fine horse, which I saw lie dead on the straw in the inn at Barnet, and the imprudent conduct of Miss Headstrong, so employed my attention, that I had in some measure forgotten the time of the morning.

On my coming down to breakfast, in the parlour, I fear I made but a very aukward apology for not making my appearance sooner. I am certain my kind uncle saw me a little confused, as he very kindly made an apology for my lying in bed so long, supposing my journey on the preceding day had fatigued me. Though I did not altogether like that apology in behalf of me, yet I thought

it better to thank him for it, than to tell the company what I had really been doing.

You have, Sir, often told me, that young folks ſometimes expoſe themſelves to cenſure merely through modeſt diffidence, chooſing rather to bare the blame, than to tell what they have been really doing; and that, however laudable the purſuit might be, they are frequently afraid of ſpeaking the truth, which they ſhould never be aſhamed of, however blameable it in reality may be. I am inclined to hope, from the company I am now in, I ſhall have no occaſion to record the proceedings of this day with the leaſt degree of uneaſineſs.

CHAP. III.

I AM now, my dear papa, going to repeat what I can recollect, the moſt worthy of a place in my journal in the courſe of this day. You very well know, that a pretty young lady made one of our party at breakfaſt. I was ſo particularly ſtruck with her figure, which appeared to me to be that of a little angel, that I cannot avoid troubling you with my beſt endeavours to draw her picture; and here it is, which I humbly ſubmit to your inſpection. You will pleaſe to remember, that I am but a novice at preſent in the art of drawing: ſo that, if I have not properly ſucceeded, you will be pleaſed to recollect it was not done by

by the hand of a master in the science of drawing.

If Miss Headstrong had the day before excited my pity and contempt, Miss Prudence, whose picture I here submit to your inspection, in an equal degree demanded my highest encomiums. Pretty as she was, she seemed insensible of that perfection, and all her attention appeared to be directed

directed to ſhew her complaiſance to every one preſent. I am ſure I never ſhall forget the ſweet look ſhe gave me, when ſhe handed me the bottom cruſt of a French roll.

After breakfaſt, as both you and my mama muſt certainly recollect, we all made the tour of my uncle's garden. My ſweet Miſs Prudence took me by the arm, ſhewed me all the different flowers, and behaved to me with ſo much kindneſs as exceed my power of deſcription. Surely, never was born a ſweeter angel.

I could not help obſerving, while Miſs Prudence and I were thus amuſing ourſelves, you, my uncle, and my mama, ſeemed vaſtly pleaſed with ſeeing us ſo ſatisfied with each other. I have, ſir, heard you ſay, that little pitchers have great ears:

by

by which I have always underſtood, that children catch words very readily. I muſt own, that I ſtill remember, what I think my uncle ſaid to you, "Theſe little ones ſeemed formed for each other." I do not comprehend what this could mean, and ſhall therefore, on ſome future opportunity, take an occaſion to beg an explanation.

All the remainder of this day and evening paſſed in the company of my dear friends, and my ſweet Miſs Prudence; and ſurely never did I paſs a more agreeable day.

On the Wedneſday morning, after breakfaſt, we prepared to ſet off to Dunſtable, where one of my aunts lived. My uncle was very loth to part with us; and, I cannot tell how it happened, but my ſweet Miſs

Prudence

Prudence and I dropped each a tear when we took the farewell kiſs. I promiſed, however, if I ſhould ever have it in my power, I would certainly call and ſee her again. Without any more words paſſing between us, Miſs Prudence preſented me with her ſilver thimble, and I gave her in return my ſilver pen.

I recollect, that in our journey to Dunſtable I was very full of thought, owing to the pleaſures of the preceding day. I obſerved my mama frequently to jog you on the elbow to look at me, ſmiling very agreeably at the ſame time. What that could mean, I cannot at preſent comprehend.

On our arrival at Dunſtable, we were received with great politeneſs by my aunt, who I thought would have

have ſmothered me with kiſſes; and no ſooner were we ſat down, then ſhe fetched me a huge ſeed-cake, as ſome kind of refreſhment for me after my journey. Not contented with this, my good aunt ſent to invite two young gentlemen in the neighbourhood to come and keep me company, and to find ſome amuſements to divert me.

As we did not quit my aunt's houſe till the Friday, I had full opportunity to obſerve the different tempers and diſpoſitions of my two companions, the one named Maſter Tommy Primroſe, and the other Maſter Billy Jeſſamy.

On the Thurſday morning we formed a fiſhing party, which was purſued with unequal ſucceſs. But I ſhould firſt tell you, that Maſter Prim-

Primroſe, in his temper and diſpoſition, ſeemed much to reſemble the ſweet Miſs Prudence, and Maſter Jeſſamy much like to Miſs Headſtrong.

The ſcene of action was in one of my aunt's ponds in the garden, and here you ſee us all three hard at it.

I had ſcarcely put in my line, than

out

out I pulled a ſtout perch, when each of my companions, ran to me to ſee what it was. Maſter Primroſe complimented me on my ſucceſs; but little Jeſſamy ſeemed angry, and ſaid, that it was ſtrange he could not have caught that fiſh as well as me. He hinted, that he ſuppoſed my aunt knew where about the fiſh lay, and that I, in conſequence, had got to that place. I begged of him to let us exchange places, as it was very indifferent to me in what part of the pond I fiſhed, eſpecially as I wiſhed to accommodate him.

We all three put in our lines again, and in leſs than five minutes, I brought out a nice young jack, and young Primroſe a very fine tench. This put Jeſſamy almoſt into

to a paſſion; he exclaimed, that he was ſure there muſt be ſome trick played him, as he thought himſelf a much better angler than either of us. We begged him to let us ſee in what manner he baited his hook, which he refuſed to do, ſaying, that his method was better than any other perſon's, and he ſhould not let any one into the ſecret. Whatever that ſecret might be, I know not; but Primroſe and I very clearly ſaw, that he had not the ſecret of catching fiſh.

We all tried our fortune again, and Primroſe and myſelf caught ſeveral fiſh, while Jeſſamy could not get ſo much as a bite. This at laſt put him into a moſt furious rage, when he threw down his rod and line,

walked off without ſaying a word to us, and I ſaw no more of him.

My remaining companion, Maſter Primroſe, and I continued our ſport with good ſucceſs, and could not help laughing at the abſurdity of Jeſſamy and his ſecret, which produced him nothing but ill luck. It appeared to us, that he did not know how properly to bait his hook, and was above being inſtructed, which is the caſe with too many young people.

After we had done fiſhing, we walked about the garden, to obſerve every part of that beautiful ſpot, when I took the opportunity to aſk Maſter Primroſe, if he were intimately acquainted with Maſter Jeſſamy, and whether it was his conſtant

ſtant practice to be ſo much out of temper in company.

My amiable companion replied, that he had been his play-fellow for a long time, but was never heartily fond of his company; for he had found by experience, that he ſeemed to wiſh, that every one he engaged with in company ſhould give way to his whims and caprice, while he would, on his part, give way to nobody.

I told my agreeable companion, if that were the caſe, I feared he was ſpoiled by his parents, who had not taken proper care to check him in his infancy. I added, that, as far as I could judge from the conduct of my parents towards me, that it was the moſt improper proceeding in thoſe who have the care of young

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children, to let them have their way at all times. I remembered very well, that when I was about five years of age, I cried, and made myself very unhappy, in order to get those things, which now, being arrived at ten years of age, I am convinced would have been rather pernicious than useful to me.

Master Primrose smiled, and said the very same thing had happened to himself, and that it was owing to the prudence of his parents, that he could now so easily bear little disappointments, and so readily pardon the ill behaviour of others, who had not the happiness to have such wise and prudent instructors.

He then proceeded to give me the history of Master Jessamy. He told me, "he was the only son of parents,

in very affluent circumſtances. They had ſeveral daughters; but their ſon was their darling, and conſequently was a ſpoiled child. He delighted in all kinds of miſchief, and took pleaſure in every ſpecies of cruelty towards dumb creatures. He was fond of tormenting flies, and took delight on ſeeing them in the agonies of death. His parents, ſo far from checking him in this imprudent conduct, only laughed at his ingenuity, as they called it. Few boys love to play with him, as he expects always to have his own way, and be humoured on every occaſion. As he is never compelled to learn more than he pleaſes, it can be no wonder, if he indeed be very ignorant, which is really the caſe. It is a ſad thing, when young children,

ſuch as Jeſſamy, do not attend to their books, the conſequence of which is, they will remain dunces all their lives, and be deſpiſed by every body. Thus it is with Jeſſamy, no body likes him, and he likes no body."

I could not help obſerving with pleaſure, what a difference there was between Maſter Primroſe and Jeſſamy. The former was every thing that was polite and agreeable, his converſation was inſtructive and amuſing, and he recollected and told me two or three very pretty tales he had learned by heart. He appeared to me to be ſo accompliſhed a young gentleman, that I ſhall endeavour, as I grow up, to copy his conduct, and ſhun that of Jeſſamy's.

On the Friday morning I took leave of my amiable companion, and we parted with visible marks of reluctance on both sides. My aunt was unwilling to part with me; but as you and my mama both mentioned the necessity there was for it, we were permitted to depart, but not till she had loaded me with fruits and cakes, that I might not be in want of proper refreshments in the course of my journey.

We accordingly set off, and I was much entertained and edified by the conversation of you and my mama, who seemed to be well satisfied with the behaviour I had hitherto observed. Our conversation continued, till the chaise stopped to take fresh horses. I took this opportunity to get out and walk

a little, in order to eaſe my [illegible] after ſo much ſitting.

While I was looking about me, a poor object came up to me, followed by three children, all in a moſt ragged condition. He begged I would give him ſomething, if it were but a halfpenny, to buy a morſel of bread for his children, who, as he told me, had not broken their faſt that day, though it was then noon, nor had they eaten any thing ſince the morning before that day.

I ſtood motionleſs at ſuch a ſcene of miſery, and my heart ſhared a part of this calamity." Who knows, (ſaid I to myſelf) but this poor man and his children may have lived in as great affluence as I and my parents, and how wretched ſhould I think

think myſelf were I reduced to ſo humiliating a condition. I aſked the poor man, what was the cauſe of his preſent wretchedneſs.

" Alas! young gentleman, (ſaid he) I once revelled in the lap of plenty, and lived, like you, in eaſe and ſplendour. My father was a rich man, who denied me nothing in my infant years. It was as much as a ſervant's place was worth to affront me, or even not to obey my commands, however unreaſonable. I was attended by the beſt of teachers; but, as I found it was great labour to learn, I always pretended to be ill whenever any of them came near me, ſo that I was ſoon deſerted by them all. When any of my real friends pointed out to my father the abſurdity of their feeding my indolence,

lence, his conſtant reply was, that he had money enough to give me, and that there was therefore no occaſion for either ſpoiling my eyes by poring over books, or ſouring my temper by the reproofs of teachers. The conſequence of this was, that when my father died, I became poſſeſſed of a large fortune, and was at that time ſo ignorant, that though I knew the amount of my fortune in pounds, I was not arithmetician ſufficient to reduce it into ſhillings, though I afterwards reduced it to nothing. In ſhort, my father was hardly dead, when I began my career of lewdneſs and diſſipation, and I did not want for companions of the ſame ſtamp. Some borrowed, and others cheated me out of large ſums; but the

throw

throw of the dice one evening completely ſtripped me of every thing I was worth. I then applied for aſſiſtance to thoſe, among whom I had laviſhed my fortune; but the only return I met with was ridicule and contempt. Being brought up to no trade, and deſtitute even of the firſt principles of education, I was forced to turn bricklayer's labourer. Even here my ill-fortune purſued me; for I fell from a ſcaffold, and broke my leg, and I am now reduced to the miſerable condition, in which you ſee me.

Theſe three children happily are not mine; they are the orphans of one of my wretched companions, who, like me, laviſhed away a large fortune, which broke the heart of his amiable lady, and I have made theſe children the companions of my miſery. I have loſt many ſhillings by thus confeſſing my former follies, for which I now ſuffer; but ſhould

ſhould my example deter others from the ſame wicked courſes, I ſhall not, after all, have lived in vain."

CHAP. IV.

I do not doubt, my dear papa, but you thought I had finiſhed the third chapter of my journal in a very abrupt manner; but the truth was, I was ſo much affected with the melancholy tale of the unfortunate beggar, that having laid down my pen, I could not perſuade myſelf at that time to take it up again.

I pulled out my purſe, and gave him a ſhilling, which was one fourth of all my monied poſſeſſions. At the ſame time, I begged him to ſtop a little, and then ran to you, when, after

after having given you a ſhort account of his miſeries, you were pleaſed to give me half a crown to beſtow on him. At the ſame time, I ſeized upon the ſtock of cakes and fruits my aunt had given me, and inſtantly diſtributed them among the poor, ragged, and hungry children. Certain I am, that, however fond I may be of cakes and fruit, I found infinite more pleaſure in ſeeing how eagerly the poor children devoured thoſe dainties, than if I had eaten them myſelf, and I am ſure my aunt would have forgiven me for giving away what ſhe deſigned only for myſelf.

We now purſued our journey, and the condition of this unfortunate man and the three poor children, furniſhed us with matter for converſation

ſation during a great part of our journey. You obſerved to me, my dear papa, that this ſcene had afforded me a ſtriking example, that the proper education of a child, and the mode of rightly forming his mind, are of infinitely more conſequence to his future happineſs and proſperity, than ſtudying to leave him a large fortune without thoſe neceſſary accompliſhments, and polite education, good principles, and complaiſant manners.

My dear mama remembers how I ſqueezed her by the hand, while I expreſſed my juſt feelings of gratitude for your kindneſs and attention to me. I obſerved, that though ſome calamity might deprive me of my fortune, yet you had taken care ſo to improve my mind and underſtand-

ing,

ing, that I ſtood in no fear of being reduced to beggary.

We found ſomething or other to talk of and amuſe ourſelves, till we arrived at the inn, where we intended to lie that night. As I was conſtantly on the look out for ſomething to avail my journal, I here found an object to my purpoſe.

The landlady of the inn had a ſon of about five years of age, who I ſoon found was a ſpoiled child. He had been ſuffered to ſit ſo much, that he was grown quite indolent, and very clumſy and heavy. They were always feeding him with ſomething nice, as they called it; but, in fact, it was only ſuch things as tend to pall the ſtomach, and produce a falſe appetite. He never ſtirred off his ſeat, of his own accord.

cord, but when he was going about, ſomething miſchievous. His mother told me, he was very fond of *playing* with dogs and cats, and though he did them no harm, they frequently did him miſchief, of which he bore ſeveral marks.

His mother's back was hardly turned, when he gave me a ſpecimen of what kind of *play* he exerciſed on the animal race. A fine young tabby cat came up to him, and rubbing itſelf againſt him, endeavoured to ſhew how fond ſhe was of him. He firſt of all took a pin, and pricked it in the rump, when the cat ran away, but ſoon returned again. He then took her up by the tail, and let her fall on her head; but ſtill the cat took all in good nature. Soon afterwards

ſhe came to him again, ſhewing the ſame marks of reſpect ſhe had done before. I could not help admiring the generoſity of the cat, which, though it had been ſo ill uſed before, forgot its reſentments, and purred round the young tyrant, as though ſhe had not before received any injury.

I ſoon perceived, that he and I had very different feelings; for, as ſoon as the cat came to him again, he ſeized it by the neck, and, graſping his hands round it as tight as he could, endeavoured, as I ſuppoſed, to ſtrangle it, as you here ſee.

The cat took it patiently for ſome little time; but pain at laſt obliged her to ſtruggle to preſerve her life, when ſhe fixed one of her talons in his hand, and tore it in a terrible manner. His cries ſoon brought all the family around him, and particularly his mother, who fainted at the ſight of the wound he had received. As ſoon as ſhe came

to herſelf, two ſurgeons were ſent for, and the cat was ordered to be immediately hanged in her preſence.

I muſt confeſs that I pitied the cat, who ſuffered a death ſhe appeared to me by no means to have merited. I was ſo much diſguſted with this ſcene, that I inſtantly joined your company, determined to quit it no more for that evening. On your aſking me, what made me look ſo penſive and thoughtful, I told you all the particulars of what I had ſeen, when you obſerved, that it was very proper for me to take notice of theſe things, as I ſhould learn from them leſſons of prudence and humanity; but that it would be folly in me, to make myſelf uneaſy about thoſe evils it

was

was out of my power to remedy. The ſpoiled child met with a puniſhment which ought rather to have fallen to the ſhare of the mother.

As the next day, Sir, was Sunday, you did not think it proper to travel on that day, and therefore, in the forenoon, we all went to church. I could not help obſerving with pleaſure, that the country people in general behaved with great devotion; but I was very much diſpleaſed with the little gentleman, who was in the ſame pew with us. Inſtead of minding his devotion, he was ſtumbling over every body in the pew, ſometimes getting up on the bench, and then jumping down again.

I took the liberty to ſpeak to him, as he was younger than myſelf, and told him, that was not ſuitable behaviour in the houſe of God. He laughed at me, and his mama, turning about, gave me ſuch a look as fully convinced me of her diſpleaſure. However, I took no more notice of this indolent youth, and turned away my face from his imprudent mother. I doubted not, in my own mind, if he were thus ſuffered to be unruly in the houſe of God, what muſt be his behaviour at home, where he was probably humoured to exceſs.

The next morning we purſued our journey, and met with a vaſt number of beggars on the road. I obſerved to you, Sir, it was a ſad thing

thing that ſo many poor people ſhould be in want of bread, but that it was impoſſible to relieve them all. You was pleaſed to tell me, that the greater part of the beggars who travelled the roads, were either, like the beggar I had before relieved, brought to that ſtate by their own folly, or ſuch as would rather do any thing than work. There was a proper proviſion made for every perſon in diſtreſs, and no one need be reduced to beggary. "I do not mention this, (continued my father) to harden your heart againſt the feelings of humanity, but to caution you againſt being impoſed upon. Thoſe who are really lame or blind, and whom we know to have families, to thoſe our charity ſhould be extended."

As we were now in Northamptonſhire, we went to Daventry, to ſee one of my mama's relations, where we were received with the higheſt marks of generoſity and politeneſs. Here I met with two very agreeable companions, whoſe ages were but very little ſuperior to my own, both boys, the children of the lady we viſited. At dinner time, the eldeſt ſaid grace before meat, and the younger returned thanks, when dinner was over, for what we had received. They ſaid nothing during the whole time of dinner, excepting replies to ſuch queſtions as were aſked them, and thankfully accepted of whatever was given them, without appearing the leaſt diſcontented.

This lady had adopted one very good maxim with reſpect to the behaviour

haviour of her children, and which I ſhall always remember to follow. She obſerved, that when children were aſked, when ſeveral things were on table, which they liked beſt, they would anſwer, "which you pleaſe," which in fact was no anſwer at all. This was a piece of falſe modeſty, which too many parents taught their children. The lady inſiſted, that children ſhould be accuſtomed from their infancy to ſpeak the real ſentiments of their little hearts, and not be taught out of falſe delicacy, "No, thank you, I would rather not have it," at the very time they wiſh for it the moſt.

You recollect, Sir, that my couſin told us of a comical gentleman, who lived in her neighbourhood, and who uſed to beat all his viſiters before

fore they left his houſe. A gentleman one day ſtopped at my couſin's, and hearing of this whimſical gentleman, he determined to go and take a dinner with him, from which the lady endeavoured to diſſuade him, aſſuring him he would get himſelf heartily thraſhed before he got away.

He was determined, however, to go, and accordingly went, knocked at the door, and found a welcome admittance. The viſiter told the gentleman, that he was come to dine with him, to which the gentleman replied, he would entertain him in the beſt manner he could. "As it will be ſome time before dinner will be ready, (ſaid the latter) what will you have to drink?"—"A glaſs of ſherry, (ſaid the viſiter) if you have

have it at hand."—" There it is for you," (ſaid the gentleman.)

I think, Sir, it will be better for me to give you the remainder of what paſſed between theſe two gentlemen, in the way of dialogue between Viſiter and Gentleman.

Viſiter. If you pleaſe, Sir, as I have now refreſhed myſelf, I will look at your garden, which I am told is a good one.

Gent. With all my heart, Sir.

After they had walked ſome time in the garden, and the viſiter had applauded ſome things, and cenſured others with great judgment, they were informed that dinner was ready, when they left the garden, and returning to the houſe, ſat down to the table, which was covered with a great variety of diſhes.

Gent.

Gent. What ſhall I help you to, Sir?

Viſiter. A bit of that boiled fowl, ſome ham, and ſome greens.

Gent. What wine will you drink.

Viſiter. I generally drink red port.

In this manner the viſiter went on, always ſpeaking freely, aſking for what he liked, and never made uſe of thoſe idle expreſſions, ſuch as, "What you pleaſe, Sir. I have no particular choice of my own." After they had finiſhed their dinners, emptied two or three bottles and pipes, the viſiter thought it was high time to put the gentleman to his old practice of thraſhing his gueſt.

Viſiter. If you pleaſe, Sir, I ſhould like to have a cup of coffee, for I generally drink coffee after dinner.

Gent.

Gent. Here, Thomas, get coffee ready immediately for me and this gentleman.

After coffee, they again walked in the garden, and talked on various ſubjects; yet there was no appearance of being kicked out. The viſiter, however, determined to make one more effort.

Viſiter. Upon my word, Sir, you have treated me ſo genteely, that I think I muſt make the day out with you. Nay, if you pleaſe, I will not only ſup with you, but will even ſleep in your houſe.

Gent. Sir, I will make you welcome. What will you have for ſupper.

Viſiter. I ſee there is a nice duck hangs up in your larder. That and ſome

ſome peaſe will make an excellent ſupper.

Gent. Thomas, tell the cook to dreſs that duck, with ſome freſh-gathered peas for ſupper.

The viſiter began to think that the gentleman had been unjuſtly traduced, ſince, being an entire ſtranger to him, he thought he had taken ſufficient liberties to juſtify his kicking him out of doors. They paſſed the evening jovially, and the viſiter propoſed chocolate and tea for breakfaſt the next morning. This was readily complied with, and they both ſet down to breakfaſt.

Viſiter. Sir, after the hoſpitality I have received from you, it is with regret I acquaint you, with what the neighbourhood unjuſtly ſay of you.

Gent. And what is that, Sir?

Viſiter,

Visiter. That you treat your guests with every thing that is elegant, but at last generally kick them out of your house, which I have just reason to say is false.

Gent. There are few people who come to see me, but I serve in the manner as represented in this picture.

Visiter.

Visiter. And do you mean to serve me so, Sir?

Gent. By no means: the reason I behave so to the generality of people who come to see me is, that I can never get a direct answer from them, nor will they tell me what they like best. If I ask them what wine they chuse, they tell me, "which you please," or, "which is nearest at hand," though they see plenty on the table. When they set down to dinner with me, I have more to do to find out what they like, than I should have to do to procure provision for an hundred people. This usually puts me into so violent a passion, that I at last turn them out of doors.

Visiter. I confess they deserve it.

Gent.

Gent. You, Sir, have behaved like a gentleman: you have given me no trouble, by obliging me to ask you a queſtion twice. Come as often as you pleaſe, I ſhall be glad to ſee you, and I promiſe you I will never kick you out of my houſe.

After breakfaſt, the viſiter took his leave of the gentleman, thanked him kindly for his genteel treatment, and aſſured him, that he ſhould ſeek ſome method to return the compliment. I muſt confeſs, that though I do not like to ſee children bold and full of talk, yet, I think, they ſhould be taught to give an anſwer properly, and not encouraged in making their tongues ſpeak contrary to their thoughts. There are, indeed, ſome things which are often offered to

children, such as are not proper for them, and in such cases only "no thank you" is justifiable.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

MY little companions did every thing they could to amuse me: they gave me the history of several young people in that neighbourhood, and particularly of Master Wrong-head, which appeared to me to merit a corner in my journal.

This youth was born of most excellent parents, who did every thing in their power to train him up in the right path; but, what appeared very singular, even in his infant days he displayed a great perverseness of temper. His parents made use of every means to alter his disposition as he grew up; they tried to soothe him by the hopes of rewards, but neither promises nor threats could

make any impreſſion on his inflexible mind.

He was very early ſent to ſchool, but would pay no regard to his maſter, and generally played truant a day or two in the week. Though he frequently experienced the ſmart of the rod, yet that, inſtead of having any good effect on him, only tended to harden him, and make him indifferent to all kind of puniſhments.

As he grew up, though his father had plenty of fruit in his own garden, he took the greateſt delight in robbing the orchards of other people. He delighted in worrying the cattle about in the fields, and the fowls in the farm yards. He was ſo rough a play-fellow, that none of the neighbouring children would connect themſelves

themſelves with him, as he gene-rally did them ſome miſchief or other, and then gloried in the injury he had done them.

To be ſhort, his parents finding they could make nothing of him, and fearing he might at laſt come to ſome diſgraceful end, ſent him to ſea, when, by ſome accident or other, he fell over board, and was drowned.

I cannot avoid obſerving on this occaſion, that if a child ſhould ſome-times purſue diſagreeable paths, it is not always the fault of a too-indul-gent parent; and the conduct of Maſter Wronghead, I preſume, will fully juſtify my conjecture. Had this unfortunate young gentleman followed the dictates of his parents, it is probable he would have lived and been a great man; but, by giv-

ing way to his undutiful diſpoſitions; he loſt his own life, and made his parents unhappy.

We paſſed our time with my couſin, amidſt a ſcene of innocent pleaſures and amuſements till Wedneſday morning, when we took leave of the lady, and of my amiable companions, in order to proceed on our journey to Coventry, the utmoſt extent of our Fortnight's Tour, where my dear grandfather lived, whom I much longed to ſee.

We arrived at Coventry on Thurſday about noon, without my meeting with any thing in the courſe of my journey worthy of a place in my journal. My grandfather received us with inexpreſſible joy and delight; and ordered a moſt elegant dinner to

be

be prepared for us, to which we all sat down with mutual satisfaction.

After dinner we walked in the garden, when I heard the parish bell tolling most solemnly. I observed to my grandfather, (as I believe, Sir, you well remember) that I supposed that bell tolled for somebody going to be buried. After a little pause, he replied, "Yes, my dear grandson, a little gentleman, much about your age, is to be buried to night, and the bell tolls on that occasion."

I could not help reflecting on the uncertainty of human life, and that death makes no distinction between youth and age, between rich and poor. I begged of my grandfather to acquaint me with the cause of the young gentleman's death.

" He was a promising youth, (replied my grandfather) and was beloved by every one that knew him. His parents had taken great care of his education, and, like a good child, he had ſpared no pains to make the moſt laudable uſe of their indulgence. He was the wonder of his age. Though no youth could attend more properly to his book, yet he knew how, at proper ſeaſons, to enjoy the innocent pleaſures peculiar to thoſe of his age. He had been one day playing at cricket, as you here ſee.

The

" The weather being hot, and being perhaps too eager in purſuit of his ſport, he overheated himſelf, and, being very thirſty, he drank a large glaſs full of cold ſpring water, which took immediate effect on him. He became almoſt inſtantly ill, and was obliged to be carried home, as he was unable to walk. You may be aſſured, that no care was want-

ing

ing to ſave ſo valuable a life; but all proved ineffectual. He died on the third day, to the inexpreſſible grief of his parents, ſincerely lamented by every one who knew him. Let this be a leſſon to you, my dear grandſon, how you incautiouſly drink whenever you find yourſelf hot."

I remained ſome time unable to make any reply, ſo much was I affected by the unhappy fate of this amiable youth. What made me feel it the more ſenſibly was, that I had often been guilty of the ſame error, though it pleaſed God not to let it have the ſame effect upon me. At laſt, recovering myſelf, I told my grandfather, that I ſhould be glad to attend the funeral. He accordingly agreed to accompany me thither, and, as he told me there was to be

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a funeral ſermon preached on the occaſion, you and my mama deſired to be of the party.

We accordingly ſet out, and had but juſt got to the church yard, when we ſaw the unfortunate deceaſed approaching. His coffin was covered with grey velvet, adorned with ſilver plates and nails, and a white pall thrown over the whole, ſupported by ſix young gentlemen in white ſaſhes. The ſcene drew tears from my eyes.

The

The ſervice was performed in a ſolemn manner, and I treaſured up ſome part of the ſermon in my mind, that I might record it on my journal. The following are ſome of the moſt material paſſages.

"Whatever may be our paſſions, prejudices, and purſuits in this world, death puts an end to them all. Like a tyrant, he often cuts us

us off in the moment of felicity, and while we are flattering ourselves with the vain and delicious hopes of many happy years yet to come. Exult not too much, young man, in the bloom of thy youth, lest the hand of the destroyer pluck thee from the garden of Pleasure and Delight, and leave thee to wither and decay, like the flower of the field, that has fallen beneath the scythe of the mower.

"We labour, and we toil, in order to make the evening of life supportable by the possessions we accumulate in our youthful days; and thus far there can certainly be no crime, as it is the duty of every individual to provide for his widow, his children, or nearest connections.

"Though

" Though the terrors of our final diſſolution ſhould not effect us in the neceſſary purſuits of life, yet the courſe of our conduct ſhould be ſo directed, that we ſhould always be ready to meet the grim king of terrors, ſhould he pay us an unexpected viſit, and call us to a final account. It is natural for us to feel for the diſſolution of thoſe, with whom we are cloſely connected, yet it is a crime to give too much way to grief. Exceſs of grief for a deceaſed friend argues great weakneſs, ſince all our tears can be to no purpoſe, cannot be of uſe to the object we bewail, and can tend only to make ourſelves wretched, interrupt the little felicity we have a right to here, and

pe

perhaps shorten the number of our days.

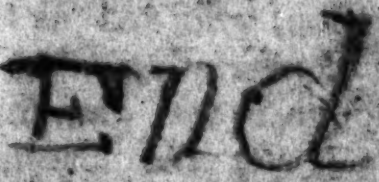
"Human life is not the seat of unmingled delight. We may compare it to a garden, in which roses and nettles are promiscuously scattered, and in which we often feel the sting of the wounding nettle, while we enjoy the fragrance of the blooming rose. Those bowers of delight, entwined with the woodbine and jessamine, under whose pleasing umbrage we seek shelter from the noon-day sun, frequently are the abode of noxious insects.

"Since life then is so uncertain, since the most happy situation is not without its anxieties, care, and vexations, let us not live too much in dread of our own dissolution, nor too violently lament that of another,

ther.— To find the happy medium in the commerce of this world, is not an eaſy taſk. Perhaps, the moſt probable way to obtain it is to preſerve a conſcience free from reproach, to deal by others as we wiſh to be dealt by, to be ready to aſſiſt the unfortunate to the beſt of our power, to be contented in our ſtation, and not diſturbed by the empty parade of ambition, nor the falſe glare of grandeur. The perſon who arrives at that happy ſtate will neither ſeek nor ſhun death; their life will be one continued ſcene of ſerenity and peace, which will not fail to ſupport them in the hour of calamity. In the hour of death they will be calm and compoſed, and wait patiently for that awful moment, in which they

are to launch into the peaceful ocean of Eternity, where no rude winds can ruffle them, where no roaring tempests are ever heard, but where Peace, Joy, and Tranquility, hold their dominion for ever."

After hearing this edifying discourse, we returned home, where I was shewn the following drawing, as a design for a monument to be erected over the grave of that unfortunate youth.



The fate of this young gent
man, and the ſermon we had hea
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The next day, as I was walking in the fields, taking a view of the beautiful country that ſurrounded me, I ſaw at a little diſtance, a boy ſitting under a tree, and crying moſt bitterly. I inſtantly went to him, and found him to be a very pretty youth, of nearly my own age and ſize, but very poorly dreſſed. I aſked him what was the cauſe of his uneaſineſs. He replied, "My father came home this morning, after having been abſent all yeſterday, and I aſked him for a bit of bread to eat, when he flew in a paſſion, beat me, and turned me out of doors, telling me, at the ſame time, if I aſked any one to give me any thing, he would be the death of me, and I have choſen this ſecret place, that I may here lie down and die."

I asked him if he had any mother; to which he replied that his dear mother had been dead two years: had she been living, he should have wanted for nothing, as she was a good dear mother indeed; but since her death, his father had taken to strange ways, and was hardly ever sober.

Good God, thought I to myself, is it possible that such a parent can exist! I had observed, that many children had been spoiled by the indulgence of their parents; but I had never heard of so cruel a father before. How many thanks did I send up to heaven for having blessed me with such indulgent guardians of my existence!

I took the poor little fellow by the hand, in order to conduct him to

to my grandfather's house. He appeared to me to be very weak, which I supposed proceeded from his want of proper nourishment. He seemed with reluctance to follow me, saying, if his father should know it, he would certainly kill him. I told him to fear nothing, as I was conducting him to a place where I was sure he would be properly protected.

I think, Sir, I never shall forget the surprise and astonishment you, my dear mamma, and my grandfather, expressed in your looks, on seeing me hand this unfortunate boy to your presence, and on hearing the melancholy tale of the treatment he received from his cruel father. All the rest of my life, I shall consider this as my most fortu-

adventure, ſince, by your generous ſupport and humanity, the poor boy was properly taken care of, and placed in a ſituation independant of ſo cruel a father.

In the courſe of my rambles the following day, I met with a circumſtance much more pleaſing than the caſe of the unfortunate child I have juſt mentioned. I got into a farm-yard, without thinking about where I was going. Here I obſerved a ſweet pretty creature, very neatly, though not elegantly dreſſed. She was feeding her poultry in the yard, as you here ſee.

I aſked

I aſked the little angel ſeveral queſtions, to which ſhe gave me ſuch ready and ſenſible replies, as far exceeded my expectations of what I could hope to meet with in a farm-yard. "There are three little ones of us, (ſaid ſhe) of which I am the youngeſt. We have a very good father, but have

unfortunately loſt a moſt indulgent mother. My brother, who is the eldeſt, being fourteeen years of age, accompanies my father in the fields, and aſſiſts him in his daily labours. My ſiſter Patty, who is twelve years old, cooks all our victuals, makes the beds, and keeps the houſe clean, while I, who am but ten years of age, take care of the poultry, look after the pigs, and mend all the ſtockings."

I was ſo highly delighted with this pleaſing diſcovery, that I pulled out my purſe, which contained only three ſhillings, and begged ſhe would accept of it, to procure herſelf, her brother and her ſiſter, a little repaſt. She had the money no ſooner in her hands, than ſhe looked on it attentively, then looked on me, and

and ſeemed doubtful, whether ſhe ſhould accept of what appeared to her as a little eſtate from the hands of a ſtranger, to whom ſhe had done no kind of ſervice. I ſaw her confuſion, I made her a bow, ſhe returned me a curteſy, and I immediately walked away.

My fortnight's tour being now finiſhed, you reminded me, Sir, that it was neceſſary we ſhould think of returning home, which I liſtened to with ſome kind of regret; but, as I always wiſh to obey your commands, I preſumed not to make the leaſt objection. Our return home was performed with ſo much expedition, that I had no leiſure nor opportunity to make any further remarks.

Here, Sir, ends all the particulars recorded in the journal of my Fort-

night's

night's Tour; and, if they do not contain wonders equal to those mentioned by other travellers who have preceded me, they at least contain as many truths. If they meet with the approbation of you and my mama, my labour will be amply repaid. If I have any other wish left, it can be only this, that, as I mean to submit my travels to the perusal of the lilliputian world, if they shall contribute to reform one bad child, and encourage another in the pursuit of virtue, I shall be more happy than either Alexander or Cæsar.

CON-

CONCLUSION.

Maſter Tommy Newton having thus finiſhed the journal of his Tour, it remains only for the editor to inform his youthful readers, that Maſter Tommy continued, as he grew up, to act in the ſame line of prudence. He took every opportunity he could to ſlip into the country to ſee and converſe with his favourite Miſs Prudence, mentioned in the preceding part of this work. I have only to add, that when they grew up to maturity, they joined their hands in the happy ſtate of wedlock, and are at this time bleſſed with a ſon and daughter, who poſſeſs all the virtues, and inherit all the good qualities of their amiable parents.

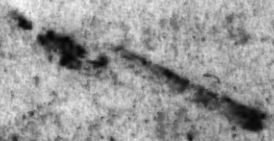
Long

Long may they live happy in themſelves, and beloved and reſpected by every ſenſible and worthy character!

If you wiſh, my youthful readers to be a comfort to yourſelves and your aged parents, follow the example of Maſter Tommy Newton and Miſs Prudence. Be obedient to your parents, and let their will be your law; for, whenever they deny you any thing, be aſſured, it is only becauſe they know it is improper for you, and will contribute neither to your eaſe or happineſs. Remember theſe two lines of Mr. Pope:

'Tis

'Tis *Virtue* only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is—*ourselves to know.*



THE END.

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